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See What a Week will do during

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Great Furniture Sale.

See Terms, Cash Prices, Free Delivery, Angles, etc. in our catalogue and show, or get our 50-PAGE SALE CATALOGUE and Order Form sent for, showing how we furnish for Cash or Credit in Town or Country, our Special Prices at 125, 250, 500, 1000, 2000, 4000, 8000, 16000, 32000, 64000, 128000, 256000, 512000, 1024000, 2048000, 4096000, 8192000, 16384000, 32768000, 65536000, 131072000, 262144000, 524288000, 1048576000, 2097152000, 4194304000, 8388608000, 16777216000, 33554432000, 67108864000, 134217728000, 268435456000, 536870912000, 1073741824000, 2147483648000, 4294967296000, 8589934592000, 17179869184000, 34359738368000, 68719476736000, 137438953472000, 274877906944000, 549755813888000, 1099511627776000, 2199023255552000, 4398046511104000, 8796093022208000, 17592186044416000, 35184372088832000, 70368744177664000, 140737488355328000, 281474976710656000, 562949953421312000, 1125899906842624000, 2251799813685248000, 4503599627370496000, 9007199254740992000, 18014398509481984000, 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WHEN THE DIGESTION FAILS.

Eating Becomes a Torture.

Many people cannot eat a single meal without suffering torture. The means that the digestive organs have become too weak to do their work. There is no better way to strengthen the stomach than to build up the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved a boon to so many sufferers from indigestion, for the rich, red blood made by these pills quickly tones up and strengthens the digestive organs.

Read what Mrs. E. L. Stone, of 10, Rayfield-grove, Swindon, says: "For many years I was a victim of indigestion. Everything I ate gave me such intense pain that I dreaded meal times. I was low-spirited, and had no energy. I had medical treatment, and tried different remedies without result."

"Then my husband advised me to give Dr. Williams' pink pills a trial. By the time I had taken the first box of the pills the pains began to decrease. I continued with the pills, and soon the pain went altogether. I felt brighter and more energetic. Now I am quite well; all signs of indigestion have disappeared, and I can eat and enjoy my meals."

You, too, can strengthen your digestion by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of chemists, or 2s. 6d. per box, post free, from address below.

FREE.—The diet guide "What to Eat" should be read by everybody. Send a postcard to J. D. Dept., 36, Fitzroy-square, London, W.1, for a free copy.—[Advt.]

CHILDREN'S COLDS & COUGHS

CURED LIKE ONE O'CLOCK.

A remarkable letter from a grateful mother who says that Galloway's acted like magic.

Mrs. Rose, of 4, Woodland Street, Dublin, writes: "Before I came to Dublin I always kept Galloway's Cough Syrup in the home for my little girl, Nina. It was the only thing that seemed to stop her cough quickly. Being captured, it was very necessary that she should not cough. Galloway's always acted like magic. When we moved here I could not get it, and was prevented to try different cough remedies, but I thought as well have given Nina Galloway's. When I saw the bottle I was glad to find it was the same as the one I had given her. With a touch of Galloway's, and I was given Nina the cough syrup, and it acted as it always has. I wrote a message on the wrapper. Galloway's is a blessing, and should be known widely known. It would never be known if it was in the home, if mothers only knew of its value in the home, they would never be without it."

Every dose of Galloway's is a sure way to speedy recovery, but that it is Galloway's.

Send for Galloway's Cough Syrup.

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CATTLE RAVAGED BY DISEASE.

50 MORE OUTBREAKS.

£359,000 NET LOSSES TO THE COUNTRY.

The ravages of foot-and-mouth disease throughout the country since the end of August have cost £359,000. Fifty more outbreaks have been notified, mostly in Cheshire.

Animals already slaughtered number:

Cattle	36,516
Sheep	16,991
Pigs	19,961
Goats	33

Total 73,501

The gross compensation paid to farmers is estimated at £1,082,000, and receipts from the salving of healthy carcasses at £223,000. Thus the actual cost of the outbreak is £359,000.

The latest single cases are in the West Riding of Yorkshire, Durham, Staffordshire and Cheshire. There are also reports of outbreaks in Berkshire and Kent. The latter outbreak is at Great Mongham, three miles from Deal.

The Home Counties are now safe for the movement of cattle, with the exception of a small part of Buckinghamshire, and have been released from control.

The theory of several farmers is that the disease is spread by slaughtermen and workmen.

The suggestion has been made that these workers should be isolated on farms, and that when leaving farms should disinfect themselves.

Four hundred farmers are to meet Sir Stewart Stockman, chief veterinary officer to the Ministry of Agriculture, on Thursday, to discuss whether the slaughtering of all animals affected by the disease is necessary.

HUMAN DRAMAS.

YESTERDAY'S SIDELIGHTS FROM THE POLICE COURTS.

"You never derive any benefit by going to law,"—Willenden magistrate.

Where Lay Lawyers Fail.—Rent Act lay lawyers gave the worse possible advice. Judge Parfitt at Clerkenwell County Court.

A Wild West Turn.—A young wife told the Willenden magistrate that her husband struck her, snatched the baby out of her arms, bit his sister and knocked down his mother-in-law.

Leaf from Labour Book.—School attendance officer at Willenden: "I called at the house but could make no one hear. I wrote a message on the doorstep. Magistrate: 'Quite like a summons to a Labour meeting.'"

Good Character.—Charged on remand at Tower Bridge with embezzling £39 2s. 4d. belonging to the Southern Railway, Nelson Holton (50), caretaker, of Abbey Buildings, Bernandsey, was given a good character. The magistrate postponed dealing with the case for six months.

It Might Have Been.—To a woman who asked him to reduce her rent, Judge Parfitt, at Clerkenwell County Court, delivered this homily: "If I lowered the rent the whole district would trade upon it. You would see Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith would call on Mrs. Brown. I am not going to reduce it. It is a fair rent and pay it."

The Dole-dreams.—A woman complained of her lodger at Bow County Court, and said she was continually making a noise which prevented her husband from sleeping. Solicitor: Does he work at night? Woman: No, unfortunately, he's on the dole. (Laughter.) And the neighbours have also complained of their rest being disturbed. Solicitor: Do they work at night? Woman: No; I think they are also on the dole.

PARTING SHOT AT BUMBLE.

WORKHOUSE CHAPLAIN RESIGNS.

Following a request by the Ministry of Health, the Rev. E. Francis yesterday resigned his appointment as Chaplain at Medway Workhouse, Chatham.

It was alleged that the chaplain failed to administer religious consolation to dying inmates of the infirmary, and that he was insolent to members of the staff.

"I have been victimised because I tried to fight against modern Bumbledom," said Mr. Francis in an interview yesterday; "it is absolutely untrue to say that I neglected my duties. On the contrary, I fought hard for the poor inmates of the infirmary who were not receiving proper attention owing to the insufficiency of the staff."

"I was never insolent. I made myself unpopular with the authorities at the workhouse because I tried to defend the interests of the poor, but right will always triumph in the end."



THE RIVALS.

MAGISTRATE A-MAZED.

DRAMATIC DENIALS IN BIGAMY CHARGE.

"It is like being in a maze, groping one's way through all these foreign names," declared the Marylebone magistrate, after hearing evidence against Sidney Gouldin, a Russian tailor, of Munster-sq., St. Pancras, who was charged with committing bigamy in July by going through a form of marriage with Henrietta Rouse at St. Pancras Register Office, and with stealing £10 worth of clothing belonging to Miss Rouse.

There was a dramatic moment when Gouldin, who was also referred to as Schuffer or Schaffer, was confronted with Becky Schuffer, to whom he was alleged to have been married at Stepney Green synagogue 21 years ago.

Becky Schuffer identified him as her husband and said he had frequently left her during the last 21 years, and finally went away just before the last Day of Atonement. They had six children.

"I am your husband?" asked prisoner, with apparent astonishment.

"Yes," she replied.

"Haven't you a husband in America?"

"No."

"When I was living with you 31 years ago you told me you had." "Don't tell lies."

The prisoner then declared that he had never been married to the woman. He admitted being married to Miss Rouse, however, and said he left her the week after the marriage because her father interfered and told him to go, but he denied the charge of stealing her clothing. A remand was ordered.

A FARE PROSPECT.

RETURN TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES ON L.C.C. TRAMS.

It is stated that many passengers on the L.C.C. trams will save as much as a shilling a week as a result of the introduction of return tickets for ordinary stages of 3d. and over from Jan. 1, 1924. At the same time, the maximum single fare will be reduced from 6d. to 5d.

Where, for instance, the single fare is 4d., the return fare will be 6d.; where it is 5d., the return journey will only cost 8d.

A few examples are: Embankment or Victoria to Wimbledon, Norbury, Beckenham Lane, or Woodwich, return fare 3d.; to Balham or New Cross, 6d.; to Ryelane, Clapham (Plough), or Waterloo, 5d.

These facilities will apply to the County of London (excepting west of Hammersmith Broadway), Leyton and Wimbledon.

LONDON ITEMS.

"Chelsea's Centre-Forward" is Prebendary Carlisle, to be seen at the Monument Cinema, Chichester.

The number of infants vaccinated in London in 1922 was 42,947—12,173 fewer than in the preceding year.

At the annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A. National Council held at Tottenham Court-road, Major F. H. Young was re-elected President for the ensuing year.

The Duchess of York will be present at a matinee at the New Oxford Theatre on Friday next in aid of the Invalid Children's Association.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Stepney Causeway, E.1, appeal for gifts to provide Christmas cheer for their "family" of 7,500 destitute children.

Handel's "Messiah" (first part) will be given with full orchestra at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand, at 6.30 p.m. to-day.

Attractive calendars for 1924 issued by the Metropolitan Railway may be obtained from the company's commercial manager, Baker-st. Station, N.W.

The L.C.C. has approached Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., to collaborate in the design of the proposed new Lambeth Bridge, and suggests paying him a fee of £1,500.

A verdict of suicide while of unsound mind was returned at an inquest at St. Pancras yesterday on Percy Charles Kibbell (36), of Stoke Newington, who was decapitated on the London Electric Railway at Euston. Owing to a recurrence of mania he had been unable to obtain employment.

BEAUTIFUL CRYSTALS, Lenses, Locket, Rings, and many other articles, from the famous Crystal Palace, London, at 10, Graves, E.C.1, (Berkeley, E.C.1).

ONE FIGHTS HORDE OF PURSUERS.

BATTLE IN SWAMP.

DESPERATE NEGRO KILLS AND WOUNDS 14 WHITES.

New York, Saturday.

A grim story of a negro's single-handed fight in a Mississippi swamp, in which he killed and wounded 14 persons, comes this morning from the town of Drew.

The negro, who was a tenant-farmer, became insanely enraged during a dispute yesterday afternoon with the owner of the farm over certain money which had become due, and suddenly drawing a pistol shot the landlord dead. He then armed himself with a shot gun and more pistols and fled into the swamps three miles distant.

White police pursued him, but the negro, firing suddenly in ambush, shot several of them. He then took refuge in a drainage ditch. His pursuers increased in number until there were several hundred. These kept up an incessant fire, vainly trying to force the desperate man from his position. Finally, after midnight a machine-gun was brought up and the negro, twice wounded, surrendered, but in half an hour he died.

Altogether he had killed three and wounded eleven persons, of whom four, it is feared, may succumb to their wounds.—Reuter.

WHIP THREATS.

INCIDENTS IN WHITE WOMAN'S LIFE IN INDIA.

A confession of unfaithfulness with a native girl was written on a wine list by Mr. Edward Cavendish Kent, a coffee planter, of Mysore, India, for the information of his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Edythe Lloyd Kent, of Bangalore, India, so it was alleged by the latter in her divorce proceedings which came before Mr. Justice Horridge.

In her evidence Mrs. Kent said after the marriage in 1909 she lived with her husband at Jecan and Kadur.

He frequently threatened her with a dog-whip before the servants and once threw a glass of whisky over her.

During a short absence from home witness learned that her husband had been associating with another native girl, Dorasina. Since then witness had not lived with him.

When they met later at the beginning of 1919 he admitted he was still living with Dorasina, as he could not do without her. Later, in Bombay, he wrote on a wine list:

"I will give you £2,000 if you can prove I have had anything to do with any woman, except Dorasina, of the 2,000 coolies."

His lordship found the charges against the husband proved and pronounced a decree nisi in favour of the wife, giving her also costs and custody of the three children.

BLACKMAIL CHARGE

PRESS ASKED TO SUPPRESS WITNESSES' NAMES.

Remarkable statements were made at the Mansion House yesterday before Alderman Sir John Knill, when a twenty-three-year-old motor driver, named Herbert Sidney Buxton, was charged on remand with being concerned with a man named Scott (not in custody) in loitering in the City with intent to commit a felony, and with demanding—in two instances—money with menaces.

Mr. J. Hogg, appearing for one of the witnesses, said that having regard to the unpleasant nature of the case it was to be hoped that the Press would not publish names. The fear of such publication often had the effect of deterring people from coming forward in the interests of justice.

Witnesses were called, and it was stated that the man named Scott accepted a gentleman in King Edward-st., declared that he had been guilty of an indecent act, and demanded "some silver."

"When," said the witness, "I denied it, the defendant called me a liar, and said 'You ought to be done in.' They continued to abuse me till I saw a constable, and then the accused wanted to give me in charge for indecency."

The matter having been investigated at Snow Hill Police Station, Inspector Goslin refused to entertain the charge.

Later, another man was hustled by the same witness in Queen-st. vicarage. After a tirade of abuse, in which he made an accusation of indecency, both men asked, "What are you going to do about it?" This being interpreted as a demand for money, the prosecutor endeavoured to escape, and Buxton struck him on the jaw. Finally the accused was taken into custody, and was again taken to Snow Hill, where he was recognised by the officers who had inquired into the previous matter. Scott vanished, and the police had since been unable to find him.

Sir John, committing the accused for trial at the Central Criminal Court, thanked the two gentlemen for coming forward to give evidence. He said they had done a public service, and he only wished other people had sufficient courage to do so.

GOOD RECORD SPOILED.

ADMIRALTY OFFICIAL FINED FOR INSULTING A GIRL.

An Admiralty official named Charles Murray, aged 38, a married man with several children, who was stated to have held a responsible position for upwards of 20 years, was fined £25 at the South-Western Police Court for improper behaviour in the presence of a young woman, while travelling in an omnibus.

Defendant threw himself on the mercy of the court and seemed to feel his position acutely. The magistrate told him he only escaped imprisonment in consideration of his long record at the Admiralty.

HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

Many hotels at resorts and centres throughout the country have arranged attractive Christmas carnival programmes. Particulars of the festivities and accommodation at any hotel may be obtained from Messrs. T. Cook and Son, whose London offices will remain open this week beyond the usual business hours.

The Southern Railway have arranged excursions next Saturday and on Christmas Eve to all the Kent and South Coast resorts, cheap trips to Paris, Rouen, Brussels, Ostend, etc., have been arranged for Christmas and the New Year.

The L.M. and S. Railway announce many concessions enabling passengers to travel to either Euston or St. Pancras without extra cost. The concessions also affect excursion tickets.

GIFTS THAT MAKE the joy of giving greater.

GIFTS purchased at Boots cannot fail to satisfy the tastes of the most exacting purchasers, because they have been carefully chosen to meet every need and represent sterling value for money. Whatever you require in Yuletide presents can be obtained at Boots Gifts Dept. There is no finer selection anywhere, and you will find no difficulty in procuring appropriate Gifts at little expense.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS YOU BUY BEST AT BOOTS



Real polished imitation Tortoiseshell Bag, with inside purse division, white lid, lined moirette, fitted with captive purse, mirror, powder box, tablet and pencil. Boots Special Price, 29/6. Post free.

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[illegible]

Sir Henry Duke found misconduct between respondent and co-respondent, and granted the husband a decree nisi, with costs.

In a muffled, earthy voice—I had a goodly quantity of the dirty roots of the leavily tree in my mouth—I indignantly

As the rest of the passengers seemed inclined to side with the pair of bel-ligerents, I called upon my imagination
(Continued in next column.)

all.
With many happy returns of the New
Year,
Your loving nephew,
AUGUSTUS.

From your chemist obtain lots of Parmatin (Double Strength), take this home, and add to one half-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup and honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. This will soothe the lining of a cough and gives immediate relief, without stopping an obstinate cough in 24 hours or less. When you take Parmatin in this way it clings to your throat as you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, honey-like film over the inflamed membrane, penetrating through the narrow air passage of the throat and lungs. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops the cough, and you get a good night's restful sleep. Parmatin is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Eucalypti, Peppermint, and Rosemary oils. It is famous all over the world over for its prompt effectiveness in coughs. It tastes pleasant, and is good for either children or adults. This plan of making cough medicine for the home saves you money, gives you a dependable, satisfying remedy, and has been used by tens of thousands of people who have very well its value.

great Bargains, 64, to 80, Clocks,
Watches, Jewellery, Musical Instru-
ments, Pure, Khandas, Koratans,
Tops, Xmas Cards, Etc. For Delight
Hurry In, Write to **PAIN'S**
PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. C,
P.O. Box 218, 22, Green, Berlin, E.C. 4

1. COUPLES.

(After
3rd Verse.)

Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling, grumb-ling, Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling all the day, The
Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling, grumb-ling, Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling all the day, Dr.

short skirts now the fashion for bide, The mer-ry wid-ow wants an old fellow with quids; The
Some can't write and others can't spell; Some in pol-i-tics think they ex-cel, We're

un-emp-loyed keep on having kids, And all I've got to say, say,
hun-a-tics in the a-sy-lum as well, And all I've got to say, say,

Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling, grumb-ling, Keep on grumb-ling all the day, day.
Ev-'ry-bo-dy's grumb-ling, grumb-ling, grumb-ling, Keep on grumb-ling all the day, day.

COUPLETS.

1. The milkman wants more water to flow,
The baker wants to double his (loaf),
The barber don't want leavers to grow.

2. Some are single—others are wed,
Some they suffer with a swollen head,
Some they would be better off dead,
Some back doubles, but they never win.

3. Some have umpteen pyjamas to spare,
For new designs they search everywhere,
While others haven't got a pair of trunks
to wear.

AMUSEMENTS (Continued)

It Pays to Keep Zam-Buk Handy at Home

Because it quickly soothes the pain of the sudden cut, bruise, burn or scald, dispels inflammation and reduces painful swelling.

Because it grows new, healthy skin where injury or disease has torn or corrupted the tissues.

Because as a first-aid it is miles ahead of cheap salves and common ointments.

Zam-Buk is of such great value to so many emergencies that every home should keep a box always handy for use.



The People.

OFFICES: 10, Wellington Street, STRATH.

TELEGRAMS: "The People" LONDON.

TELEPHONE: 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MARKING TIME.

Whatever may happen when Parliament meets next month, there can be little doubt that from every point of view, the Government has taken the right course in refusing to resign in a hurry. It is the strictly constitutional course, for though the nation has spoken, it remains for the House of Commons to interpret its message and register its judgment. There is no need to anticipate the decision.

And the period of rest over the Christmas season will be very welcome. Trade is bad enough without being gratuitously disturbed by political "alarms and excursions." Having given its verdict in a great cause, the country will probably be grateful for an opportunity to pause and think over the possible consequences thereof.

The aspect of the situation that inspires most concern is the condition of our workers and the prospects of an amelioration of the unemployment evil. The outlook is not promising, for we are far from believing that the Labour programme as it has been unfolded can work any improvement. If there has been, so far, nothing in the nature of panic, we believe it is because the country as a whole does not believe that Labour will be permitted to put its avowed principles into practice. The responsibility of office may be expected to teach the leaders of that party something of moderation, and if it does not the country will probably do so at a later stage.

CARE OF PICTURES.

The fact that the Royal Academy is devoting special attention to the care of old pictures will probably stimulate interest in what is really a very important subject, not for the nation only, but for many private individuals. Many paintings, and old prints, too, are spoilt by the efforts of inexperienced owners themselves to do the work of cleaning and restoring.

The use of chemicals on either paintings or prints is very risky; in the absence of knowledge and skill it is almost certain to result disastrously. Even the washing of a painting may spoil it, and yet pictures may be washed by those who know how to do it. In many instances a painting is thought to need "cleaning and restoring" when careful washing is all that is necessary, but it should be done by "one who knows."

Paintings are sadly abused by the amateur varnisher, and in the matter of removing varnish no advice is more common than to use methylated spirit with a pad of cotton wool. Certainly the spirit is often used for this purpose, but it will remove the paint as well as the varnish if unskillfully applied, and the only consolation is that so many ancient daubs are of no value whatever. There are, however, other methods of removing the varnish besides the use of spirit, more laborious, per-

haps, but just as effective and far safer.

Anyone possessing a really valuable picture should never touch it, but take it to an expert, a restorer with a reputation. There are too many so-called picture restorers about, many of whom have picked up the little knowledge that is proverbially dangerous, and they are far more likely to ruin a good picture than to "restore" it. And there is such a thing as fraud even in the picture-restoring business. We have in mind the case of a small portrait, delicately painted and greatly valued on purely sentimental grounds. It had a glass before it, and had been irretrievably damaged by fire, the paint being all blistered, and the splintered glass stuck to it. Yet it was "restored" at a big price, much to the joy of its owner, who declared she could hardly believe it had ever been damaged. Well, it never had been damaged, because it was not the same picture. The original had been cleverly copied by a good artist with no name to speak of, all the measurements having been accurately taken, of course, and the new canvas re-lined to make the deception more perfect.

THE ALTERNATIVE VOTE.

How It Operates At An Election.

Human institutions are notoriously imperfect, and the electoral machine is no exception. The recent General Election has served to emphasise its fallibility, and many politicians are consequently discussing the possibility of some sort of reform.

Many questions have been addressed to "The People" on this subject, especially as to the meaning of the alternative vote, which is not to be confused with "Proportional Representation."

It is not our purpose to argue either for or against the alternative vote, or any other system of taking the nation's decision; we confine ourselves to explaining as simply as possible the method in question.

It is common knowledge that a considerable number of members have been returned on a minority vote in three-cornered contests, and cannot, therefore, be said to fairly represent the constituency for which they sit in the House of Commons.

For convenience of illustration let us take Sir Harry Brittain's Acton constituency. The Conservative polled 8,943 votes; the Labour man polled 6,009; and the Liberal 4,090. The Conservative had a majority of 2,874 over Labour; but taking the Labour and Liberal poll combined, he was in a minority of 1,216. Therefore the Conservative was elected on a minority vote.

It does not follow, of course, that on a straight fight the result would have been otherwise, for we cannot imagine all Liberals voting Labour or all Labour voting Liberal in the absence of a candidate of their own. There would have been, no doubt, cross-voting and abstentions.

If the alternative voting system had been in operation the voter's paper would have contained the names of the three candidates, but instead of having to put his cross against the candidate he favoured, the voter would have been instructed to put a figure before each name indicating the order of his preference—say thus: Britain 1, Baldwin 2, Levinson 3. The votes would then be counted, and as Britain had not polled more than half the total votes recorded, all the second preferences on Levinson's ballot papers would be transferred either to Britain or Baldwin, as Levinson's supporters had indicated. The candidate who with these additional votes emerged top of the poll would therefore get the seat.

"YELLOW" PRESS ENTERPRISE.

China Stirred by Story of Bandit Outrage in England.

The ingenious Chinese journalist needs to learn little from here. It will be recalled that some time ago there was a bandit outrage near Lin-cheng, when many foreigners travelling in a captured train were held to ransom. The Diplomatic Corps have been worrying the Peking Government for redress, so recently the "Peking Express" published the following:

Train Hold-up in England.—A number of Chinese papers published an interesting item of news yesterday about a train hold-up in England between York and Newcastle by a large band of bandits. It says this took place towards the end of August and many passengers were killed and wounded and others missing, but the actual number of casualties is not known. The Chinese Government is said to have instructed the Chinese Legation at London to investigate whether there were any Chinese passengers on that ill-fated train.

It seems to have created quite a stir in China, but details are wanting.

CUPID'S RECORD XMAS.

How Love Laughs at the Housing Shortage.

Although five thousand people are waiting for houses at Leicester Cupid has stormed the city determined to beat all Christmas records.

Two hundred and fifty weddings have been arranged for Christmas week, including fifty at the local register offices. All ages are to be found among those who have fallen to the arrows of the "chastity" little god. One romance has for its leading figures a widow of 60 and a widower of 70, while in another instance a Romeo of 25 and a Juliet of 25 are concerned.

YOUR CHRISTMAS TO COST LESS.

Cheaper Meat: British Turkeys Scarce.

Christmas is almost upon us, and with its advent comes the cheering news that the essentials of our Christmas fare will, with few exceptions, cost less than last year.

Holly is plentiful, but alas! there is a great shortage of berries.

In Christmas buying as at all other times of the year, it is better to compare prices in various localities and to buy at the shops whose prices compare favourably with those given below, which can be taken as a fair index.

Meat especially will be lower than last year. This may be attributed to the table at a cost considerably lower than last year. This may be attributed to the fact that many farmers, unable to send their cattle to the open market owing to the restrictions now in force due to foot-and-mouth disease, are slaughtering them early. All joints are 12½ per cent. below last year's prices.

Turkeys, however, are not plentiful, and it is unlikely that this week Norfolk turkeys will be obtainable at under 3s. 6d. per lb. On the other hand, geese and ducks are plentiful and can be bought at prices ranging from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per lb.

Epidemics of gapes, the enemy of the turkey rears, caused heavy casualties on the Norfolk farms this year, hence the scarcity of the bird with which many folk grace their tables at the festive season.

Many of the retailers in Smithfield market hold the view that the price of English turkeys will come down with a run about Wednesday or Thursday. They believe the present high price to be due to speculators in the Midlands.

There are, as usual, large numbers of foreign turkeys at cheaper rates; but experience proves that these are rarely up to the standard of the British birds.

The Christmas pudding, as announced in these columns some time ago, will cost decidedly less. Dried fruit prices have fallen 20 per cent. Nuts are also cheap.

Cucumbers	7d. to 11d. per lb.
Raisins	10d. to 1s. 3d. "
Sultanas	10d. to 1s. 3d. "
Minced meat	10½d. per lb. jar.
Brussels	1s. 6d. per lb.
Walnuts	1s. 3d. "
Walnuts (fresh)	1s. 3d. "
Almonds	9d. "
Chestnuts	6d. "
Spanish Nuts	6d. "
Mixed Nuts	10d. "
Fruits, crystallised	2s. 6d. "
Strawberries	3s. 6d. "

Fresh Fruits.

Oranges	1s. per doz.
Tangerines	1s. 6d. "
Desert Apples	5d. to 9d. per lb.
Cox's Pippins	1s. 3d. "
Pineapples	2s. and 3s.
Grapes	7s. per lb.
Black Muscats	3s. 6d. "

Some Novelties.

Besides the above mentioned there are many new fascinating fruits and vegetables that may tempt the housewife this year. You can buy custard apples at 1s. 6d. each; persimmons at 2s. 6d. a basket; mangoes 6d. each; Cape gooseberries at 1s. 6d. a basket; and passion fruit from Madeira at 2s. 6d. per doz.; while some may like to try sweet potatoes at 5d. per lb. Madeira marrow cost 1s. each, hot-house beans 10d. a lb., and French asparagus 15s. 6d. Very tasty are the new crystallised strawberries at 3s. 6d.

Many bargains are to be found in the provision departments of the stores. Stilton cheeses sell for 2s. 6d. a lb., small Wensleydales at 2s. 6d., while Cheshire and Cheddar cheeses cost 1s. 6d.

Wines are steady in price, but are selling well, and excellent champagne can be bought at 16s. per doz.

With such a tempting price list before her the housewife is advised to buy plentifully and early. A well-supplied table is the basis of a happy Christmas, and this year it seems as if the festive season will resemble the ones of previous years.

There are many, however, who will not be able to take advantage of the reduction in Christmas prices, and it is as well to remember them by some little gift to a hospital, a charity, or a ragged home. Such is the true spirit of Christmas.

TALK OF THE PEOPLE.

By WIDEAWAKE.

The Right Course.

The Government have taken a wise course in deciding to meet Parliament. A panic resignation would have been unfair to the country, as well as to the Conservative Party. In the bitterness of disappointment which followed the election there was a tendency to forget that there are still more Conservative M.P.s than either Labour or Liberals. And if it is a disadvantage for the country to be governed by a Party which has not an absolute Parliamentary majority, the speedy advent to power of Labour in an even greater minority would only make matters infinitely worse.

The Liberal Position.

I hear on good authority that many of the more moderate Liberals are already beginning to repent of their lust for Conservative blood. The situation, so far as the Liberal Party is concerned, is most embarrassing. If they support the Conservative Government for a while they will be accused of being Coalitionists; if they combine with Labour to throw out the Government, the accusation will be equally strong. Perhaps if Mr. Asquith had not so rashly denounced Coalition, the Liberal Party as a whole might not have been unwilling to give a general support to the strongest party in the State. National considerations may yet prevail over purely party politics.

Time-Worn Bogeys.

Unfortunately the election was sullied not only by hooliganism, but by misrepresentation as well. In the latter respect it was reminiscent of the 1905 election, when the famous "Chinese Slavery" cry was used against the Unionist Administration. On this occasion, every sort of bogey was raised against Protection, including the brazen fiction that the price of food would go up. The moral of it all is that the electorate must be given time to learn what Protection really is.

Where they Failed.

The case of Maclefield is not uninteresting. No cries of "Dear Food," or "Death to Exports," had the slightest effect upon the voters in that constituency. They returned a Conservative member with a substantial majority. And the reason was, that they have had Protection preached to them since the 'eighties, and they were not to be frightened by any Free Trade scarecrows. The same results could be achieved all over the country with a little simple propaganda.

The Ex-Speaker.

I have excellent authority for saying that immediately after the election overtures were made from high quarters to Lord Ullswater, the ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, to form a Government. It was felt that since he is so closely in touch with the political world, and yet so little identified with party, he would be able to command support where party leaders would fail. The advantage of such an arrangement would have been that the country would have had a little breathing space before committing its destinies to untried hands. I say would have been, because the Government's decision to continue in office rules out this solution, at any rate for the time being.

Rebuke a Judge.

A celebrated judge of the High Court was indulging in his favourite pastime of bridge at his club. It so happened that he was partnered by a young subaltern, who had great respect for authority when on duty, but counted all men alike when in the club. Our friend the judge was an excellent but irascible player, and soon fell foul of his partner. With a heavy frown and austere manner, he condemned in severe tones the quality of his partner's play. The subaltern stood it for a bit, but at last burst out as follows: "Oh, shut up! You are not in your beastly little police court now."

Mexico.

A thousand pities that Mexico should again be in the throes of a revolution. The country is so full of natural resources, and British capital is so

heavily involved, that we cannot look with indifference at the political troubles of the land of the Aztecs. It seems as though presidential elections in Mexico must always be decided by the bullet, and not the ballot. For the whole origin of the present trouble is the question as to who is to occupy next year the unenviable position of chief magistrate.

Begging Soldiers.

The fighting may become serious, for the Mexican army has greatly improved in equipment and material during the last eighteen months. I remember, however, after crossing the border from the U.S.A. in 1922, on my way to Mexico City, being accosted by two of the dirtiest and most ragged men I have ever seen. I thought they were just ordinary beggars, but they explained to me that they were soldiers of the local garrison, and they asked me to give them money to enable them to desert!

Unendurable Books.

We have had quite a number of books published lately that can only have been written with the idea of pandering to the prurient mind, and it has been a matter of wonder how they have managed to find places on the shelves of the more famous libraries. An attempt is now to be made to establish a censorship on the lines of that exercised by the Lord Chamberlain in respect to plays, and one or two influential members of Parliament are considering the introduction of a Private Bill to this effect as soon as the session opens. It most certainly will not prove a bone of contention between the different parties, and is likely to come in for little opposition.

The Colorado Beetle.

The new Colorado Beetle Order, which comes into operation to-morrow, will be a reminder to past generations of the stir which was created throughout the length and breadth of the country in 1877 when it was positively anticipated that this destructive insect would reach these shores. An Order in Council was at once passed respecting its destruction. In 1873 it reached New York, and the Atlantic seaboard in the following year, and it also attacked Canada, but in the end very few specimens travelled to this country, although individuals were again found in 1900.

His First Attempt.

The other day I met Sir Ernest Moon, K.C., who was Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He told me that for the first time in his life he had been on a political platform. But I gathered from the gloom of his remarks that his oratory had not succeeded in keeping his audience in the straight and narrow path of political wisdom.

Mark Tapleys.

Whilst some persons are easily depressed others are veritable Mark Tapleys. Sir Robert Horne is of the latter category. I saw him as merry as a cricket at the Prince of Wales Theatre the other evening laughing at the Co-opitists. I fully expected Mr. Burnaby, the chief Co-op, to address some such words to Sir Robert: "Are you Bob Horne? Well, come on up and join us."

A Famous Medallist.

Memories of the famous family of Wyon, who for many years were chief engravers at the Royal Mint, will be recalled by the appearance in a west-end sale room in the course of the coming week of a numismatic rarity of much value, in the shape of a pattern five-pound piece, which was issued within two years of Queen Victoria's accession. It is one of two only that are known to collectors. It is the work of William Wyon, R.A., F.S.A., who was one of the most distinguished members of this illustrious family, which first came to England in the suite of George I. as Court Goldsmiths. Another member of the family—the late Mr. Edward Wyon—who died some years ago in Japan, was chief of the Operative Department of the Canton Mint.

Ask Your Friends.

I note that Lady Astor congratulates the Conservative Party on having been purged of its worst reactionaries. A little more purging and only those advanced Conservatives Sir Frederick Banbury and his ladyship will remain. By the way, did you hear the story of Lady Astor's denunciation of a glass of beer at an election meeting? I wish I could tell it to you, but ask your friends. They will know.

Election Humour.

Disqualifications for improperly marking voting papers are many, but not all the reasons are as good as the one at Winchester, where one elector voting for Major Hennessy, of brandy fame, put on three crosses evidently confusing the designation with "stars."

Candidates assert there were more humorous questions than usual. One was asked whether he was prepared to extend protection against the importation of an Italian-made machine for stretching cheese on Welsh rarebits. Another was asked whether it was correct that Tishy's remains were buried in Westminster Abbey.

Sir Henry Kimber.

Much sympathy will be felt for that veteran ex-Parliamentarian, Sir Henry Kimber, Bart., for nearly thirty years the Conservative M.P. for Wandsworth, in the serious accident which has befallen him by breaching his arm when verging upon the ranks of the nonagenarians. During the whole of his Parliamentary association with the borough Sir Henry was never beaten, although opposed by such well-known Liberals as Mr. W. M. Crook and Mr. Mark Mayhew, and he would probably have remained to the end of his life, had he wished to do so, its representative at Westminster. Sir Henry was always a powerful advocate of the Redistribution of Seats, and now that this has been brought about his own late constituency has been split up in the general rearrangement.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By THE LOUNGER.

FOR the moment there is peace on earth (except, of course, for the customary revolution in Mexico) and a measure of good will among men.

May I make a suggestion? One often hears a man say to another: "What are you going to do with yourself over Christmas?" What not ask yourself: "What am I going to do for others at Christmas?"

If everybody would try to do a good turn to somebody less fortunate than himself, Christmas would be a brighter day in many homes. Look around you; you will have no difficulty in finding some man, woman or child to whom an old coat, a bag of coal, a joint of meat or even one of Baby's old toys would mean more than you think. Fetch a shilling or two from your pocket, spend on face-cream or tobacco; if you really do not know where to send it, there are a thousand social workers and societies who will be only too glad to tell you.

FOR some time past I have been struck by the number of attacks on police officers recorded in the newspapers almost daily. In a recent case a man caught trying to force the window of a jeweller's shop levelled a revolver at the constable who disturbed him, and pulled the trigger twice. Fortunately the cartridges failed to explode.

We demand from our police a special degree of patience and forbearance as well as courage, but we owe them in return all possible protection.

It has been stated that the men themselves do not generally desire to be equipped with firearms. On the other hand, the truncheon is a poor defence against an automatic pistol.

Would it not be possible to devise a pistol charged with a gas or liquid capable of rendering a man unconscious for a short time without causing him permanent injury? A sort of chloroform-gun, to coin a word. The Commissioner of Police might find it worth while to obtain a few scientific opinions on the subject.

THE menace of foot-and-mouth disease is serious enough, but the inspection of farms which it has involved suggests an even worse peril. It is stated that a Government veterinary surgeon found that many of the sheds in which cows are milked were badly infected with the germs of tuberculosis. Such a statement cannot be allowed to pass. It is well founded, then the health of the next generation is in the gravest danger—to say nothing of that of adult invalids—and it is time that the people realised the seriousness of the position.

We have a way of starving research in this country; the official mind finds it difficult to see anything abstract. But it is only by research that medical science has managed to stamp out such curses as the plague.

So much for disease; in the matter of dirty sheds, a few thumping good sentences of imprisonment for those responsible would, if the law permitted, quickly discourage carelessness.

VENTURING away from the hearth-rug for a moment to take a book from my shelves, I accidentally brought down with it a tiny calendar—one of those little books that tell you the date and immediately afterwards hurl at you some arresting fact connected with it, such as:

18 P. East. Low Sitt. end
1 W. Lamas. Fe. Qr. D.
which only goes to show what a wide knowledge the author must have had. However, the point is that I picked up the calendar and glanced casually at the entries for December. My head froze in my veins. There, in remorseless black type, was the entry:

22 5 Winter begins.

I seized a dictionary, and turning the leaves with trembling fingers, read: "Winter: The cold season of the year. With chattering teeth I huddled myself in the armchair before the cheerful fire, recalling vividly the case of the man who injured his back in some way and had to spend the remainder of his life in a bath filled with warm water."

"If Winter comes"—sang the poet—and I had been foolish enough to believe that it had!

IN our selfish pre-occupation without our own affairs we are too apt to forget the troubles of others. While we amuse ourselves with General Elections, and the probable value of Uncle Henry's Christmas-box, Albania in her anguish is again crying aloud for a Mpret. (It is really only a King, but Mpret brings home the tragedy more poignantly). Prince William of Wales, the last Mpret, but he lacked the stamina for the job.

Surely Britain will not allow Albania's cry to fall on deaf ears? Already several names have been put forward, but I am astonished that so far no one has suggested the most obvious choice of all. Surely the ideal ruler of these wild, but picturesque tribesmen, loyal in their friendships, implacable in their vendettas, these simple children of nature who care no gaily as they tend their sheep on the plains or cut off the ears of their enemies among the mountains, would be

Mr. GEORGE GRAVES.
By Permission of The Management of DALY'S THEATRE, W.
In Conjunction With The British Public.

For many years (Iless my soul!) Mr. Graves has been closely connected with the political affairs of Ruritania, and has acted as Regent with conspicuous success through as many as eight perforce—I should say, crises per week. I trust that Mr. Graves will consent to sacrifice his personal comfort and despite the publicity which must be distasteful to a man of his retiring disposition—will confer on this lonely State the benefit of his wisdom and experience, and of his judgment of good forms as well as of impressive ceremonies.



THE SEAT IN THE CLUB.

THE PECULIAR FAITH OF THE PECULIAR PEOPLE.

PRISON SEQUEL TO PRAYER THAT FAILED TO CURE CHILD.

INTERVIEW WITH CHIEF OF THE SECT.

Remarkable evidence regarding the beliefs of the self-styled Peculiar People was given at the Old Bailey when two members of the sect, Henry Norman Purkiss (38), labourer, and his wife, Louisa Purkiss (38), were indicted for the manslaughter by neglecting to call in a doctor, of their three-year-old child, Norman Henry Purkiss.

The jury found both defendants guilty, but recommended them to mercy. The Recorder sentenced Henry Norman Purkiss to six months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. Louisa Purkiss was bound over in recognisance and discharged.

In a contribution below a special correspondent of "The People" gives details of the strange faith of this sect, which, while believing that doctors are necessary for cases of accident, refuse their aid in cases of illness.

Whatever else may be said against them, the Peculiar People cannot be accused of being afraid of what they regard as worldly persecution, writes a special correspondent of "The People."

From time to time I have had chats with some of their elders, who are styled "bishops," and while they do not relish arguments, they have no shyness at the possibility of explaining their attitude, particularly towards medical matters.

For it is one of their chief tenets that they must not put their trust in the skill of doctors or the efficacy of medicine. When I asked Mr. W. Heddle, of Victoria-avenue, one of the elders of the sect, his views regarding the result of the trial, he had no complaint to make of the law itself.

"We do not condemn the law," he said, "for we know that but for operation many dead children would undoubtedly suffer. But it sometimes bears hardly on those who belong to our faith."

"Happily, we seldom lose our children. As for the sentence on Mr. Purkiss, I do not think it will affect his faith, and our people, I feel confident, will continue steadfast."

During the outline of his faith the head of the organisation surprised me by stating that while the organisation forbids indulgence in smoking, it does not ban alcoholic drinks.

MANY ABSTAINERS. "I am a total abstainer," he declared, "and so, indeed, are many of our members. As for smoking, we consider it a serious waste of money which might be devoted to better purposes. We strongly believe that we should cleanse ourselves from all idols."

Mr. Heddle emphatically emphasised his own attitude towards doctors, and asked me why anyone who is sick should wait a medical man when the Great Physician was always so near.

When asked why the Peculiar People were eye-witnesses of the fact that the child died, he said that the child was taken ill with diphtheria in November, and on November 14 Mr. Moore, an elder, was called in, prayed over the child, and anointed him.

Another elder was called in on November 15, but the child died on November 16.

Mr. T. W. Moss, J.P. for Essex, an elder and assistant clerk of the Peculiar People, called for the defence, said there were about 2,000 members of the sect, chiefly in Essex. He had known many cases, he said, where children and parents were healed by prayer and tending of the child.

He instanced the case of his own daughter, who was cured of a faint at the age of three. On October 24 last he was taken ill with severe pains during the night and vomiting. He drank two glasses of hot water without relief, and then called upstairs and got his wife to lay her hands on him. It was not a usual case, but it was a case of emergency. He got sufficient relief to lie down in bed, and a few days later, after the child had attended to him, he had recovered.

His wife suffered from a weak heart, and sometimes had been relieved, and his own son was "raised up" in 1918 when suffering from influenza.

The Recorder, supposing you had a child seriously ill with diphtheria. Would you call in a doctor? No, my lord. When a child dies we are satisfied it was beyond human skill to save it.

Witness said he would have a decayed tooth pulled out and he would not have the highest surgical skill for a child which had broken its leg. That was not sick, he said. He would certainly assist a child across the road. He would not have a doctor for a snake bite.

The Recorder: You are a magistrate. What would you do if a parent brought before you a child for neglecting to call in a doctor? I should not adjudicate if the refusal were based on religious convictions. If it came to the point I should have to do as Peter did and take the law of God to be supreme.

In passing sentence the Recorder said that it was evident from the records of the Court that persons of their religious persuasion were unperturbed by punishment. In 1875 one of their members was before the Court, and in the following year he was sentenced for another offence. In 1907 a man named Senior was bound over, and in 1903 he was again convicted of manslaughter, and sent to prison. The last case was in 1909.

"Everybody recognises," said the Recorder, "that you are honest, but you must not be allowed to break the law of the land and to send the children whom you love to premature death by refusing to avail yourself of the intelligence and skill of medical science."

WOMAN SOLICITOR. Miss Ingram, who recently became qualified as a solicitor, conducted her first case at Lambeth County Court yesterday, when she appeared to defend Bert Bier, a hairdresser, of Kennington, in a claim made against him by Mrs. Flora L. Hobbs, of Hanover-gardens, Kennington.

Mrs. Hobbs stated that Bier introduced two young men as lodgers and that he guaranteed to pay their bills. They paid the first week's account, but stayed on a further two weeks and left without paying. Their bills amounted to £5 7s.

Bier stated that the two men came into his shop and asked him where they could get lodgings, and he recommended them to plaintiffs. They were strangers to him and he did not promise to pay their bills. Judge Parry gave judgment for defendant with costs.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES. Fighting Infantile Mortality in Shoreditch.

Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, visited Shoreditch yesterday afternoon to open a model infantile and child-welfare centre in Kingsland-road, presented to the borough by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. Her Royal Highness was received by the Mayor of Shoreditch (Alderman A. T. Parry) and conducted to the vestibule through the ranks of a guard of honour composed of Girl Guides.

In opening the proceedings the Mayor said that Shoreditch, with one exception, was the most densely populated borough in London. They had a high birth rate and also a high infantile mortality rate. There were 10,000 mothers with children under five years of age, so that there was plenty of scope for maternity and child welfare work in the borough. At present they had six welfare centres, with seven health visitors and a staff of doctors.

WIRELESS THOUGHTS. At Willeford, yesterday, a woman applicant said she was suffering from a terrible miscarriage of justice, and all her innermost thoughts were being radiographed to Notbury.

Magistrate (obviously perplexed): Come up and see me again next week.

The Woman: A wireless relay, and the radiograph will be at work! Oh, it can't go on another week, surely!

that the Bible must be accepted literally. The headquarters of the organisation are in Southend, and most of the branches are in Essex, but there are one or two in Kent and also in the East End of London.

They do not have a paid ministry, and their preachers, while fervent in their work for the churches over which they preside, still rely upon ordinary occupations for a livelihood.

ELDER'S ANOINTMENT. "MIRACLE" CURES RELATED TO THE CORONER.

The evidence given at the Old Bailey was that the child of Henry Norman Purkiss and his wife was taken ill with diphtheria in November, and on November 14 Mr. Moore, an elder, was called in, prayed over the child, and anointed him.

Another elder was called in on November 15, but the child died on November 16.

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"Way for Father Christmas!" is the cry which grows louder and louder as the festival of the cheery saint draws near, and Robert does not hesitate to hold up the traffic for the only personage who really matters at the moment.

NO "NIGHTIES" FOR DEAD WIFE SEIZED BY RAIDERS.

GUARDIANS RESENT ORDER OF MINISTRY.

It was reported to St. Ives (Hunts) Board of Guardians that an inspector for the Ministry had complained that an order providing night attire for tramps was not being complied with.

It was not suggested, said the Clerk to the Board, that they should have a suit of pyjamas, but that they should be provided with nightshirts.

Mrs. Weston: And have they not to have proper bath towels or bath wraps? Another member asked if the Guardians were supposed to put "these gentlemen" to bed.

The Chairman (Col. Linton): I think what will come will be that we shall have to come here, receive all these "visitors," attend to their personal wants, give them their supper, put them to bed, and then we shall be able to go home.

The Vice-Chairman: These things are encouraging tramping.

HUSBAND'S GRIM CHARGE AGAINST HER FAMILY. A sensational sequel to the recent seizure by armed men in Derby of the dead body of the wife of a Scots shipyard worker named Monteith was reported yesterday.

The dead woman, who was a Catholic, married Monteith, a Protestant, against the wishes of her relatives.

Just before the hour arranged for the funeral, members of the family of Mrs. Monteith brought a hearse and, notwithstanding the protests of the husband, removed the body. Summonses have now been issued against the woman's father, stepmother, and others, charging them with larceny of the shroud, the coffin, the corpse, and illegal assembly.

CONVICT WITNESS. LAST 2s. TO BUY TORCH AND A COLD CHISEL.

Incidents in the life of a convict called Wells, now undergoing six years' penal servitude, were related at Clerkenwell yesterday, when he was called as a witness in connection with the prosecution of two men charged with receiving stolen goods.

Wells stated that he was educated at private schools, and when 21 was sentenced for stealing a bicycle.

While in prison he became acquainted with burglars, and took to burglary, for which he had been several times convicted.

When he came out of prison in January, he carried in an electric torch and a cold chisel with his last 2s., with a view to burglary.

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS. Mother with 21 Children and Service to State.

When Mary Ann Day, of Walthamstow, was summoned at Stratford yesterday for making a false statement in order to obtain an old age pension she said it was 81 years old.

"I am 71," she proceeded. "I was born in India in 1852, was married on the day I was 14, and I have had 11 sons and 10 daughters. I have done my duty to the country."

Mr. Magistrate, one of the magistrates: You should have declared your income.

Defendant: What, dear? (Loud laughter.) All my people were in the Army and my dear old dad.

She was fined 40s. or 14 days.

MURDERED DRUMMER. EFFORTS FOR REPRIEVE OF CONDEMNED CORPORAL.

More than 25,000 signatures are attached to the Hull petition for the reprieve of Corporal Albert Dearnley, which was delivered at the Home Office by registered post yesterday morning.

Dearnley, who is only 20 years of age, lies in Winchester Gaol under sentence of death for the murder of his companion, Drummer Ellis, at Aldershot.

In addition to the Hull petition, extensively signed former sent to Miss Hilda Stacey, Dearnley's sweetheart, at Aldershot, are being forwarded to the Home Secretary.

As Dearnley has lodged an appeal against the sentence, however, the decision of the Home Secretary will need to be postponed until after the hearing.

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SPIRIT ORCHESTRA "BROADCASTS."

ABLE PERFORMERS.

"APPORT" PRESENT OF A PIPE.

Wireless listeners-in have "nothing on" members of the spiritualist circle of Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, who have the advantage of a "spirit" orchestra, consisting of violin, banjo, mandolin and trombone, operated according to one of the believers in a "very able manner."

Harpers are not mentioned in the combination, a fact which, however, ought not to encourage unworthy suspicions.

The orchestra is only one of the manifestations vouchsafed, the circle being peculiarly rich in those instances of psychic phenomena known as "apports," i.e., objects which have been dematerialised, passed through space, and then reassembled in their material form before the eyes of the faithful.

Among the "apports" shown to a representative of "The People" by Mrs. Station, a member of the spiritualist circle, were a pot-egg from Coventry and part of a lion's skull from Africa, while in her narrative of the phenomena witnessed by the circle, she mentioned stones, coins and shells.

"We know where the 'apports' come from," she said, "by the account given of them by spirit persons, either in writing or by the direct voice."

"One of the most interesting of the 'apports' is a pipe which my husband never smokes. Unfortunately, I cannot remember whence it came."

"The other night, however, when the spirits were particularly active, a pipe was brought from America. On the same occasion a large table was seen seated upon it was made to ascend."

The latter phenomenon, incidentally, has also been vouchsafed by a well-known resident of Nottingham.

BABY ONETOMONY.

FATHER'S CHOICE OF NAME DURING A FAMINE.

Mr. John Aspinall, who yesterday resigned the position of Superintendent Registrar of Preston after 43 years' service, says that during a famine a father wanted his baby to be registered with the Christian name of Onetomony.

This meant one-too-many. Despite the Registrar's protest the father insisted upon his choice of name, and as he was legally right, the name had no option but to register the name.

A LONG STOCKING.

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO SAVED THEIR PENNIES.

Said to be the world's largest share-out, the annual distribution of contributions paid to the New Tabernacle Sick and Provident Society took place yesterday at the Leyland Mission in City-road, London. The amount distributed this year was £2,250 larger than last year's total—£32,000.

The money was brought to the mission under the care of the police, who afterwards mounted guard over the building while the distribution took place.

The recipients, who had paid anything from threepence to eighteen-pence per week, received sums ranging from a pound up to fifty shillings, according to the extent of their payments.

The distribution was carried out by three cashiers, each with an assistant and it only took about six hours to satisfy the demands of the whole of the 18,000 members of the society.

It was noticeable that a considerable number of the recipients were boys and girls who appeared to have just reached the age to commence work.

This was the 33rd annual distribution, and during its existence the society have paid out the total sum of more than £200,000, while over £200,000 has been paid out in sickness and unemployment benefit.

After paying out the sum which was distributed yesterday, the society was still in credit to the amount of £48,000.

The North-Southwest Loan and Investment Society, at the annual share-out yesterday, distributed £30,142 among 6,000 members. Southwark is generally regarded as one of the poorest Metropolitan boroughs, but it is an unemployment, the contributions this year showed a substantial increase upon previous periods.

A queue of more than a mile in length lined up at an early hour outside the society's offices in Southwark Bridge-road, and were presented by Mr. E. A. Strauss, J.P., with packages of Treasury notes, which had been brought from the bank in baskets guarded by a policeman and Mr. J. O. Devereux, L.C.C., the secretary.

MAJOR BAILEY MYSTERY.

COINCIDENCES BUT NOT CLUES.

STATION SCENE.

Great excitement was caused in Jersey when the rumour spread that Major Norman Bailey—who has been missing since his wife was found dead in their flat at Hove, near Brighton, nine days ago—had been seen on the island.

An all-night search took place in the St. Helier district, and a man was detained, but it has now been ascertained that he is Captain Henry Moore, of Gloucester.

Thursday evening a stranger inquired at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters for a bed and breakfast.

The caretaker and several members believing he resembled the description of the major, communicated with the police.

He had nothing in his possession which could lead to identification. Captain Moore, who had one gold tooth, was in a pitiable plight, reduced to his last shilling, and he asked the Salvation Army for help. The police made inquiries, and it was presently ascertained that he was undoubtedly suffering from loss of memory.

Inquiries made at Cheltenham later show that Capt. Moore left the Ellenborough Hotel, where he resided with his wife, last Wednesday, and had not afterwards been heard of. His wife and nephew, on reading a description of the man detained in Jersey, communicated with the police. A cablegram sent to Jersey and marks on the man's singlet and haversack confirmed their opinion.

Capt. Moore, who was very badly shaken in the war by shell-shock, carried on business as an egg distributor in Cheltenham, and it is supposed that his memory gave way. He is a native of Newcastly. Mrs. Moore has left for Jersey.

A correspondent of "The People" telegraphs: In connection with the search for Major Bailey a remarkable story comes from Whitley Bay, a Northumberland seaside resort. The local police had detained a man on behalf of the police in the South of England. He was being taken to the railway station when the party came under the notice of travellers, and they immediately concluded that the man was the wanted major, there being a striking resemblance between him and the photographs published in the Press. It was noticed that the man had a wound in the throat, and the rumour spread that not only had Major Bailey been arrested, but that he had attempted to commit suicide in an endeavour to escape from the police.

Inquiries at the local police headquarters, however, elicited that while the man did to some extent resemble the missing major, the connection ended there. The wound in his neck was due to an accidental cut while the man was being shaved.

COALFIELDS BALLOT. VOTE LIKELY TO TERMINATE NATIONAL AGREEMENT.

Meeting in London yesterday, a national conference of miners' delegates decided to take a coalfields ballot on the question of giving three months' notice to terminate the national agreement which governs wages and conditions.

It is understood that the Executive will meet shortly to make arrangements for the ballot vote, and it is expected that another delegate conference will be held early in the New Year to receive the result of the ballot. If the vote is in favour of terminating the agreement the necessary three months' notice will then be given. In view of the Executive's recommendation there is little doubt that the result will be a majority for that course of action.

The conference also discussed the position of the General Secretary, Mr. Frank Hodges, in view of his election as a member of Parliament.

It was decided that the resignation of the secretary be at once accepted, in face of the constitution as it stands, but that Mr. Hodges be requested to continue his services until the appointment of his successor.

Mr. Hodges agreed to do so.

NAVY FINDING EMPLOYMENT FOR EX-NAVAL MEN.

By "THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."



IT is clear from the returns which reach me from time to time showing the number of ex-Servicemen for whom ports, either temporary or permanent, have been found by the National Association at the three naval ports, that the R.N. Benevolent Trust made a very wise contribution when it financed the three branches of the former association at Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham, and that at the latter port alone during November no fewer than 121 men were placed, while since June last the total of 1,144 have similarly been found employment.

ARMY FUTURE GOVERNMENT AND THE SOLDIER.

By "TOMMY ATKINS."

THE result of the general election is hardly to the advantage of the Army. Both officers and men are naturally anxious to know exactly what policy will be adopted with respect to future establishments, and, what is more important, future pay and pension rates. The fabled axe was supposed to have been put in the hands of the Lord Derby, in order to ally the fears of parents who will not send their sons as cadets to Sandhurst, and, still more, to those who are to be sent to the front lines of the future war, because their future in the Army was insecure, said definitely to put the sword to rest on the election that there would be no more reductions because the Army had been pared down to the bone.

It may be assumed that such an expression of opinion was tantamount to a declaration of policy while the Conservative Government was in undisputed power.

But what exactly would happen under a Labour Government or a Liberal-Labour Coalition of "peace, reform and reconstruction" in these matters is always held to mean the fighting Services first and last.

The soldier who has made the Army his profession prefers a political state of affairs, no matter what Party is in power, which guarantees him not so much his life, as his job. Soldiers, of course, are not politicians, but it is yet to be proved that the making of war to-day is within the power of any political party, and, in any case, it is a poor argument to put before the soldier that, if he votes for any special candidate he is likely, as was the case in the old Persian Army, to die not of bullets, but of boredom. One has, indeed, heard soldiers say that the non-contentious life of peace would be no more than a "bloody war and quick promotion."

Of course, there was a spice of the genuine Atkinsian humour in this, but the general truth is that the late Lord Wolsley was not exclusively wrong when he said that the only way for a soldier to get on in the world was to do his best to get killed.

Meanwhile, in answer to many readers, it may be said that, no matter what Government is in power, the soldier's position is safe, because, prior to the dissolution this had had the consent of all parties and would certainly be maintained by the Government of the day, which any Government would proceed with automatically.

NO ALLOWANCES—AND NO REASSESSMENT.

"S. G. N." puts forward one of the barrack warden's strong points when he says that the action of the Government in prohibiting certain classes leaving barracks without a permit is to make a present to the Treasury of the value of these men's allowances, which would otherwise be paid to them as men of all the advantages of the rearmament.

Here is the case in "S. G. N.'s" own words (and, by the way, it tallies with the case of a man who was employed at a military hospital at Aldershot): "I know of a man who was employed under Government and, being under the age of 51, he was medically examined by a Military Board and passed A. He was absolutely refused re-enlistment in an Army Order, as his services were considered indispensable, although at the time the then Government were not paying him a penny a week. Anyway, the result of the refusal was that the man lost the full Government separation allowance for wife and four children, half-pay from his work, and, of course, his full pay as a quartermaster-sergeant under the increased war rates. All he got in lieu, having his 2s. 6d. a week, was a 10s. 6d. per cent. increase on his miserable pre-war pension under the Pension Increase Act."

FORBIDDEN BY K. OF K.

A further excellent piece of evidence to hand from a correspondent who, writing from the barracks, says that "at least one of the several who were employed at the Artillery College were absolutely refused permission to re-enlist. He says: 'We were given cards signed by Sir G. Clarke, the Director-General, and by the Adjutant-General, and we were told that we were to be sent to the front to those serving in France. I suppose

Benevolent Trust.

war thought of the officers who have reached the rank of the lower deck. Unfortunately the lecturer confined himself to a somewhat sketchy resume of how officers were entered in the past, and then went on to detail how two types of executive cadres are entered and trained to-day, quite excluding the ranker officer from his review (not to mention all other classes of officer who make up the complement of the fleet).

"One could not help remembering that the attitude of the executive class 40 years ago (when the lecturer entered) was practically that there were no officers except themselves; and this appeared to be the point of view on which the lecture was founded. But in these days of steam and electricity, and when engineers, paymasters and others have made it clear that their portion of the control of the fleet is quite as important as that of the deck officer, a wider view of the problem was conveyed by the title of the lecture."

I can only add to this that as a listener I came to much the same conclusion, and the R.N.B.T. should certainly make another effort to have the question suggested by the title of the lecture set out adequately considered in all its aspects.

KIT UPKEEP ALLOWANCES.

An A.F.O. just issued gives practical effect to a complaint which has more than once been ventilated in this column, namely, that the mechanical petty officers were permitted to wear overalls their uniform really suffered in working than does the deck, or other, P.O.'s garments.

SALVAGE.

Since the termination of the war many sums of Salvage money have been distributed, but issue to men of the fleet is unusual, the greater part of these awards being to the civilian crews of tugs and yard craft.

MEALS FOR ARMOURD CAR MEN.

Hardly second to the question of a medal for home service men is that of placing the Army on the same basis as the Navy in the matter of war cost allowances.

A member of No. 2 A.C.C., Sarafand, Palestine, writes me that after fighting in the war at the battles of Amara, Somme, Vimy Ridge, Arras, Monchy, Ypres Salient, Passchendaele, and the others, he had made and won a Victoria Medal, and two years in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan with the armoured cars, to say nothing of 25 years as a member of the British and Indian Armies.

PUZZLES: By C. P. BASKLEY.

No. 22. OUTSTAIN IN DIAMONDS.

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CHESS: By A. G. CONDE.

PROBLEM NO. 9.

By DR. LUN FINE (Chas.).

BLACK—White Moves.



White to move. Three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 9 (Continued).

Key-move: 1. Q-K5.

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NEXT WEEK: EDGAR WALLACE'S "THE FELLOWSHIP"

Great Story of LOVE AND MYSTERY.

CLOSING CHAPTER OF "LUCKY IN LOVE."



The End of an Escapade.

HEARD a door shut. To me it seemed that this was not only the door of that inn parlor where Celia and her lover had fled to have their explanation. But that shut door—how alarmingly significant it was now closing.

For a fairy tale night I, too, had lived the life of a fairy story. I, in playing Cinderella, had wandered in and out of a fresh world. I had met new people, people who were not tied down to the same place and the same work day after day—people who were mad, irresponsible, frivolous, foolish beyond words in many ways, but still amusing and alive because with them life would always go by merrily and interestingly—people who were good playfellows and loyal friends. It was good-bye to them and to their characteristic background of softly-lighted restaurant, of colourful ballroom, of rose-grown garden, of luxurious houses.

For now, again, there was the bed-sitter at Mrs. Parks'. What a dreary journey instead of the swiftly-rushing car. The companionship of little, good-hearted, overworked Miss Davis. For occupation, the culture or creation of complexion for clients. In future, I should treat them knowing that it was for some fairy tale function of their everyday life, and remembering—one evening of my own life.

Indeed, the door was shutting. Now to face that fact. I turned from the inn door through which Celia had fled, and I faced—Rufus, standing there by that white, wooden table set on the emerald-green carpet of art. He had taken off his chauffeur's cap. The cap rested on his red head, blaring on the deep ripple of his swept-back hair, shining in his golden brown eyes and on the white line of his teeth, lighting up his whole fresh-skinned, freckled laughing face.

All men must die—but looking at a man like Celia's cousin Rufus, one repeats the phrase and finds it impossible to consider it anything but a phrase. So alive was he, so forceful. He was vitality incarnate. Every other man might have to die, to grow old, quite possibly both, but not this man.

Yet I suppose exactly the same words must have been thought or said of young men like Leander, Romeo, Richard Cour de Lion.

I suppose that involuntarily one takes a specially long look at the white one is not going to see again, but I had not thought that I was staring at him until he himself, smiling more broadly down at me, remarked: "Yes! What are you going to ask me, Cinderella?"

That question made me quickly matter to face again. What is the time? Rufus turned up the wrist from which last night dangled an eighteenth century point lace ruff. This morning it was a very twentieth century cloth cuff that he pushed down from the wrist watch.

"It's now five and twenty minutes past eight."

"Just an hour," said I firmly, "before I have to be at work."

"What do you mean?"

"I have to go to work every day."

"So do I."

"But I lose my job if I don't turn up to time."

"Ah," he said, "you mean you look upon me as an amateur."

"I don't know anything about you," I took up. "I only mean I shall not have time to stop here. Could you be so very kind as to arrange for me to take a car of some sort from this inn, instead of the car in which I'm going to drive me back, Mr. Somerset?"

"But," Mr. Somerset smiled, "I'm driving you back to town."

"I am so afraid, in fact I know I mustn't wait. I am sorry."

One More Flutter.

But Celia's cousin Rufus did not look sorry. Unmoved, he smiled down at me. "Take the day off," he suggested lightly. "Anyhow, take the morning off. If you are so good at your job they'll never call you for one morning off, and if you aren't good at your job, Miss Threadgold, you'd better sack them and try another car."

"All very gay and philosophical, Mr. Somerset, but hardly to be done. Will you see about the car, or shall I?"

"Neither of us just yet," said Rufus imperturbably. "When it is half-past nine, I'll get through if you like to wherever your scene of toil is in town. Before half-past nine nobody must be there, surely? No one telephoning into the hotel to say that Miss Threadgold can't join it. I'll ring up presently."

"Meanwhile, do listen to me."

Suddenly I felt I could not help it. Just one more morning of escapade. It was so sunshiny, so breezy, so scented with newly-opened roses. How could I possibly bear to go back directly to those artificial perfumes of the street. The wild wind came upon me to check it, to take on some job, any job that kept me in the open-air among wholesome, simple people.

But I should have to go back! And the conviction came that presently, when all this was over, I should have to be very, very unhappy.

"Couldn't I have one more morning—?"

"Do stay!" pleaded Rufus, lowering his voice a note. "I will buzz you back afterwards the prettiest way round!"

Recklessly I said, "Very well—"

With the words there came out again the maid, laden with a tray that left behind it a wake of the smell of mushrooms and bacon, coffee and marmalade, ripe strawberries and cream.

The maid asked diffidently: "Shall I tell the other young lady and the gentleman, sir, that breakfast is ready?"

Through the window, garlanded with blonde honeysuckle, of that inn parlor, Celia's soft voice, impetuous, excited, could be heard bubbling out its half-audible, excited stream. After all these other streams she had bubbled out to me on the road I wondered that the girl had not become hoarse. But at least the weight of Celia's goodbye was now off my own mind. I had accounted to her for the rush of events. Indeed, Celia owed to me the fact that her own heart had been revealed to her. Alternating with her excited babble the deepened rumble of the voice of the Fighting Ace mingled with long sighs.

"Don't bother to tell them," said

Rufus dryly to the inn maid. "They'll come out when they are ready."

"Very good, sir. And the other young gentleman started having his in the kitchen, sir, while it was cooking—said he had to push on to Oxford."

"Stout fellow. I always thought a good deal of young Meredith. I only met him last night. But now let us have our breakfast," We did.

Now I had thought that nothing, after the events last night, could ever again seem wild or improbable. I had thought that the blessed sunshine would make everything ordinary again. But not it. The blessed sunshine illuminated the scene just as much of a hectic dream as the scenes in last night's moonlight.

During that much needed breakfast, Celia's cousin Rufus talked to me seriously about himself, giving me as much of his autobiography as if I had asked him countless questions about himself.

Rufus Explains.

I had not. Yet he began: "Miss Threadgold, I expect you have been wondering a great deal about me. This would have sounded so conceited said by some men. But the way Rufus said it, no. Audacious he might be. Patious, never. And besides it was so true."

He had been wondering lots of things about him.

"For instance, you found me having dinner at Claridge's; you found afterwards that I had been working like any navy all day before I turned up. You wondered at that?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, perhaps I had better explain that first."

He began to explain. But not well. All the time it seemed as though he were only waiting to finish with this part of it and to talk about something else to which he must come.

The full explanation of his work he gave me much later on. Not in that inn garden at all, but as we strolled in his father's orchard together, far away down in Devonshire, where they lived.

They had a beautiful old house; they came of a rich family who had always owned much land, with retinues of farmers and tenants, with labourers, servants, and what are despatched as people under them. Rufus, even as a child, had always been interested in what Miss Davis calls people who had got to work.

As a boy going to school these "people" had loomed in Rufus' world as unknown shapes in corduroy brown or calico blue. These, he knew, achieved the rougher and more unpleasant toll of the world. These were the miners, colliers, agricultural labourers, builders, road pavers. What did they think of the way in which things in this world are portioned out—to some the unpleasantness and strenuousness, to others all the leisure. These toilers, who bore the weight of the world, the actual physical weight—were they fairly treated?

Even the schoolboy Rufus knew there were different sorts of toilers in the world, and that "the sweat of the brow" does not always mean that the work thus accomplished is of greater importance than that of the scientist, doctor, or inventor. He knew that the man of frail physique sitting in a well-furnished office and using a highly trained brain may be achieving work as necessary to humanity as does the muscular giant, who stands in the rain and swings a pick. But what Rufus wanted to make sure of was that the man that swung the pick had fair play and a life that was right for him, just as the scientist or the man of brain had the life that was right for them.

Rufus wanted to know if the labourer had even the right kind of home for his wife and babies, the right kind of food and firing.

If not, what was being done about it? What was going to be done about it? That was what Bill Somerset, inevitably nick-named Rufus, had always wanted to know. As he grew older, as he became a leggy colt in his teens, he wanted to know what these working men had to say about it themselves.

He knew when the War came and when he, as a boy, breathless August day, joined up and went into the ranks. Very soon afterwards those shapes of blue and brown became shapes of khaki, no longer vague or unknown or mysterious at all, but Rufus' pals and his brothers, sharing with him life, many of them nearly sharing death.

When the Peace came, Rufus flung himself into its struggles with but one aim. This was to help those men who had been his pals. If his name in Parliament would help—right. Rufus meant to stand for Parliament and make their cause his own in that way. But before he did that, he meant to find out for himself all that he could live through of life of people who had to work. Therefore, he lived as a worker himself. Therefore, he got himself taken on at that garage which he had just left.

His life all day was that of the other motor mechanics. His lodging was close to the garage. He kept up with his cousins, so as not to lose touch with his influential family. But mostly his friends were among the poorer population in and were among Parliament. If, as a Member of Parliament, he had to hold up his hand in the cause of Labour—at least, that hand should have laboured, too.

Now in the garden he was saying to me: "Those are the things I care about, and do you know I shouldn't ever want to marry unless she were a girl who could sympathise, because she, too, knew about those things."

How foolish that it should go through me to hear Celia's cousin actually talking about the girl he would marry!

At all events, it would not be Celia. Even as this thought flashed by I heard Rufus make those extraordinary statements. "But I have met one girl, who came of my own sort of people and yet who understood the other sort of things. I made up my mind that the sort was the sort of girl for me to marry before I even spoke to her. You see, I have wanted to marry her since practically the first day I set eyes on you."

I, thinking I could not possibly have heard this last remark, waited for those words to reform themselves in the air into words to reform themselves. But no. A sentence went by. Rufus ate a mushroom and began to butter a piece of toast before anything further was said. A robin, attracted by the crumbs, perched boldly on in our very table.

And still the words sounded in my ears

quite unmistakably as they had first been said.

"I have wanted to marry you from the first day I saw you."

What could I possibly say? I was spared the trouble of thinking. For at that moment the air was suddenly invaded by a clatter and buzz of other sounds at the gate. A car had drawn up, two cars. Voices and laughter filled the air. A clear, arrogantly soft, but dominating woman's voice exclaimed:

"Have it seen to here, then, while we have a second breakfast."

The speaker, who strode in up the path, had a long grey mackintosh, obviously not her own, buttoned up to her chin after the fashion of garments that are thrown on over evening dress worn in day time. Underneath that waterproof, as I saw at once, were the glittering, black and gold Cleopatra draperies, which her long, lost ladyship had worn last night. Behind her came other muffled up figures—namely, the party with whom she had driven down from the Albert Hall last night.

Rufus rose and came towards her. She didn't see me, she ran to him on her gold heels, and said: "Rufus, what happened to you last night? Worst of guests, may I ask what you have got to say for yourself?"

"Such a lot, presently," said the worst of guests cheerfully.

He stood aside, offered his chair at the table and gave movement towards me. "Lady Porticulis," he said formally.

"Lady Porticulis," he said formally.

"I always learnt," said I with a last effort to be cheerful, "that time was made for slaves."

"How fortunate for me. I am your slave," declared the irrepressible Rufus—and he took my hand again and drew it through his arm and so strolled with me further up the little wooded hill.

"This is just about the time," he said, "when on every other morning I should begin to look out for you coming out of Mrs. Parks' door and hurrying down the street."

"You know how I used to watch you. Every day now for a year, every day except Sunday. You didn't see me."

"I did," I said. "Of course I used to see you working outside that garage even before the day you first said good morning. Was it only yesterday? If you must know I did see you before then. Yes. Lots of times."

"And did it never strike you as curious?"

"Did what never strike me as curious?"

"Why, that at that precise moment I should be working always outside the garage?"

"Do you mean to say that you had come out on purpose to see me go by?"

"Oh, no, darling," exclaimed Rufus in a mildly shocked voice. "Should I be the sort of man who would do a silly thing like that?"

At that moment I realised that I loved and adored Rufus, whether he was a motor-mechanic or the owner of eight Rolls-Royces, more than anybody in this world could ever have loved and adored anybody before. He was Cinderella's best partner, Cinderella's own idol. So much so that I should not have minded telling him so in definite words. But as a matter of fact I did not have to tell him anything.

At that moment he looked down into my face, which happened to be looking up into his. All I felt must have shown in my big, queer, misty coloured eyes; and Rufus must have seen it. For delightedly he cried out: "Ah, good. That's settled up then! Immediately he took me into his arms—closer than he had held me last night, tripping from the river—he held me against his breast; and all about me, mingling with the scent of limes, there grew up that faint wholesome atmosphere of lavender-water, Egyptian cigarettes, and that unimpeachable savour of strawberries in a hay field under the sun."

I said: "If I spread about that life that all red-haired people smell stuff?"

"All red-haired people," said Rufus cheerfully and indistinctly into his kisses. Presently he said: "You know that little box of yours, the Marie Antoinette marmoset, that you are always dropping about over your men's boots? . . . I'm going to keep it safe for you now. It's in my waistcoat-pocket, and there it will remain."

"It won't," I said defiantly. "It belongs to me. It has always belonged to the women of my family."

"I may belong to you, but I shall keep it on me," said Rufus, even more defiantly. "Then we will go on being as crazy about each other after we are married as we are now! And that's my idea of being Lucky in Love."

THE END.

"Last night! I was playing."

She said to Rufus (sotto voce): "I suppose this accounts also for the non-appearance of your cousin Celia."

Justly Rufus explained: "Celia and Williamson are in the Inn."

"What?" gasped Lady Porticulis. Her eyebrows, that I myself had shaped last Wednesday at four, rose to the very brim of the small morning hat which she also had borrowed.

"Celia and Major Williamson. Here! Then, where were they?"

"Last night! Williamson stayed at the Inn. Celia went back to Knightsbridge after the dance."

"Oh. . . . By and by, I suppose, one will become accustomed to the perpetual running about of the present generation," said Lady Porticulis valiantly. "They are here, are they?"

"Yes. And it is high time they had something to eat," suggested Rufus. "Celia ought to be hungry anyhow."

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All's Well That Ends Well.

Under cover of that buzz, Rufus somehow got me away.

I don't know what happened to that party after we left them to that second breakfast, and to those free editions of egg-bacon, kidneys, mushrooms and

Somehow or other he got me away and into the car at his side. We were on the King's high road again and I, glancing up at the church clock of the little village which belonged to the inn of bewildering breakfast, murmured out of a dream:

"I should have time—"

"Time for what, child?"

"I should have time to get back to my work."

"Not to-day, Marie Louise. We've too much to settle, too much to say to each other. You promised this day to me."

"Forgive my contradicting you so very faintly," I laughed out of a lightened heart. "I did not already feel that clouds were sweeping away and that golden sunshine, rainbow horizons stretched before me. Too good to be believed. Yet those are the things that get believed."

I reminded him: "I didn't promise anything, but I was going to give you a morning or one breakfast time, to be exact."

"Insisted, laughing gaily, but in earnest for all that. "The rest of your

life, my dear, that is what you are going to give me," and he put on speed.

Striving to speak quite composedly, I said: "You talk exactly like a lunatic. This is the merest madness."

"Does it come well from you to rule out madness and lunacy after the way in which you conducted your life of the past 24 hours? You have not yet apologised to me."

"I am certainly not going to do that. Why should I?"

"Why, indeed? But you might explain to me now that all is well. You might explain the whys and wherefores. You owe me that, Marie Louise; oh, yes, you owe me that. And you will have to explain that to me. And I never can understand explanations properly when I am driving a car. Simply it isn't to be thought of. I propose to turn up here."

Here was a lane to the right climbing deliberately up a hill between hedges of hazel and hollyhock overgrown by limes in full blossom. Their greeny golden tassels dangled in the breeze that drew out their perfume—such perfume as Aphrodite's could not have produced for all the money paid down yearly by the more wealthy people of the clientele.

Rufus drove a hundred yards up that hill. Then he stopped the car, he stopped the engine. He leapt out and held the door open for me.

"No, no," I demurred. "I can't get out and wander about the lovely landscape before mid-day like this. It's all very well, Rufus, but neither of us ought to go in for this waste of time—"

"Waste of time! Child, you don't know what you are talking about," declared Rufus, taking my hand to help me out of the car, and thereby preventing any coherent speech or logical thought so far as I was concerned for the moment.

"Waste of time! Time was made for this."

"I always learnt," said I with a last effort to be cheerful, "that time was made for slaves."

"How fortunate for me. I am your slave," declared the irrepressible Rufus—and he took my hand again and drew it through his arm and so strolled with me further up the little wooded hill.

"This is just about the time," he said, "when on every other morning I should begin to look out for you coming out of Mrs. Parks' door and hurrying down the street."

"You know how I used to watch you. Every day now for a year, every day except Sunday. You didn't see me."

"I did," I said. "Of course I used to see you working outside that garage even before the day you first said good morning. Was it only yesterday? If you must know I did see you before then. Yes. Lots of times."

"And did it never strike you as curious?"

"Did what never strike me as curious?"

"Why, that at that precise moment I should be working always outside the garage?"

"Do you mean to say that you had come out on purpose to see me go by?"

"Oh, no, darling," exclaimed Rufus in a mildly shocked voice. "Should I be the sort of man who would do a silly thing like that?"

At that moment I realised that I loved and adored Rufus, whether he was a motor-mechanic or the owner of eight Rolls-Royces, more than anybody in this world could ever have loved and adored anybody before. He was Cinderella's best partner, Cinderella's own idol. So much so that I should not have minded telling him so in definite words. But as a matter of fact I did not have to tell him anything.

At that moment he looked down into my face, which happened to be looking up into his. All I felt must have shown in my big, queer, misty coloured eyes; and Rufus must have seen it. For delightedly he cried out: "Ah, good. That's settled up then! Immediately he took me into his arms—closer than he had held me last night, tripping from the river—he held me against his breast; and all about me, mingling with the scent of limes, there grew up that faint wholesome atmosphere of lavender-water, Egyptian cigarettes, and that unimpeachable savour of strawberries in a hay field under the sun."

I said: "If I spread about that life that all red-haired people smell stuff?"

"All red-haired people," said Rufus cheerfully and indistinctly into his kisses. Presently he said: "You know that little box of yours, the Marie Antoinette marmoset, that you are always dropping about over your men's boots? . . . I'm going to keep it safe for you now. It's in my waistcoat-pocket, and there it will remain."

"It won't," I said defiantly. "It belongs to me. It has always belonged to the women of my family."

"I may belong to you, but I shall keep it on me," said Rufus, even more defiantly. "Then we will go on being as crazy about each other after we are married as we are now! And that's my idea of being Lucky in Love."

THE END.

"Last night! I was playing."

She said to Rufus (sotto voce): "I suppose this accounts also for the non-appearance of your cousin Celia."

Justly Rufus explained: "Celia and Williamson are in the Inn."

"What?" gasped Lady Porticulis. Her eyebrows, that I myself had shaped last Wednesday at four, rose to the very brim of the small morning hat which she also had borrowed.

"Celia and Major Williamson. Here! Then, where were they?"

"Last night! Williamson stayed at the Inn. Celia went back to Knightsbridge after the dance."

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[illegible]

**NO SURPRISES IN F.A. CUP-TIES: TWO
GAMES ONLY DRAWN.**

DULWICH HAM RECORD

NOTES ON THE F.A.

By

Norwich swung the ball about with more freedom, and Austin and Stoshes centered accurately. Jackson was thrusting in the goal, and Dennison and the back line were pushing the ball forward. Hannah and Martin gave in for forward good support, and were also for spoils. Hope was in great form at back, and Smith was sound and resourceful throughout.

Norwich would not have been battered by a bigger margin, but both sides played some weakness in front of goal. Although the goalkeepers had little to do, numerous corners were conceded at each end.

Waterall was often sixth forward at Stockport.

MINOR CUP AND LEAGUE RESULTS.

[illegible]

WINNERS SUPERIOR IN ATTACK: JACOB IN FORM.

Waddell scored for the Academicals, but Lawton, with a great run, scored and converted for the Merchants. Simpson and Waddell scored for the Academicals, but Simpson showed marked improvement in the second half, and Humphrey had a fine run and scored. Lawton converting. Near the finish the Merchants scored again, but Lawton failed to convert.

CARDIFF N. UTD. C.R. (PORTSMOUTH) 1-0

Danny Davies scored a goal for Cardiff, and Ralph Davies gained a try converted by Lawton. He scored another from a try which was scrummable at the moment. Old gained a try which Main converted, and Danny Davies shot, Main again converting.

Cardiff played strongly in the second half.

3. St. Thomas Hospital, Glasgow, 5; Polytechnic, 1. Northamptonshire, 1. Gloucestershire, 1. Herefordshire, 1. Northampton 3. St. Andrews, 3. Bedford, 3.

LADIES' MATCHES.

1. Middlesex, 3. Surrey, 3. Warwick, 3; Gloucester, 1. Heding, 3. Chingford, 1. Seaford, 3. Lally and Skinner, 1. Australia, 1. Hume, 1; Swift (Chiswick), 3. Hampshire, 3. Dorset, 3. South London, 3. Essex, 3. Northamptonshire, 3. Northamptonshire, 1.

1. Hampshire, 4. Old Kingstonians, 1. Southgate, 7. Bournemouth, 1. Bournemouth, 1. Middlesex, 3. Hertford, 3. Staines, 1. Mid-Surrey, 3. Teddington, 3. Lancashire Ladies, 3. Yorkshire Ladies, 3. Bournemouth Ladies, 3; Hod-

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NOTES ON THE F.A. AMATEUR CUP DRAW.

[illegible][illegible]

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